

Songs of  
**Jimmie Davis**

WRITER OF



**Nobody's  
Darling**

AND

**49**

**OTHER SONGS**

*including*

"THE ANSWER TO  
NOBODY'S DARLING"

"IN MY CABIN TONIGHT"

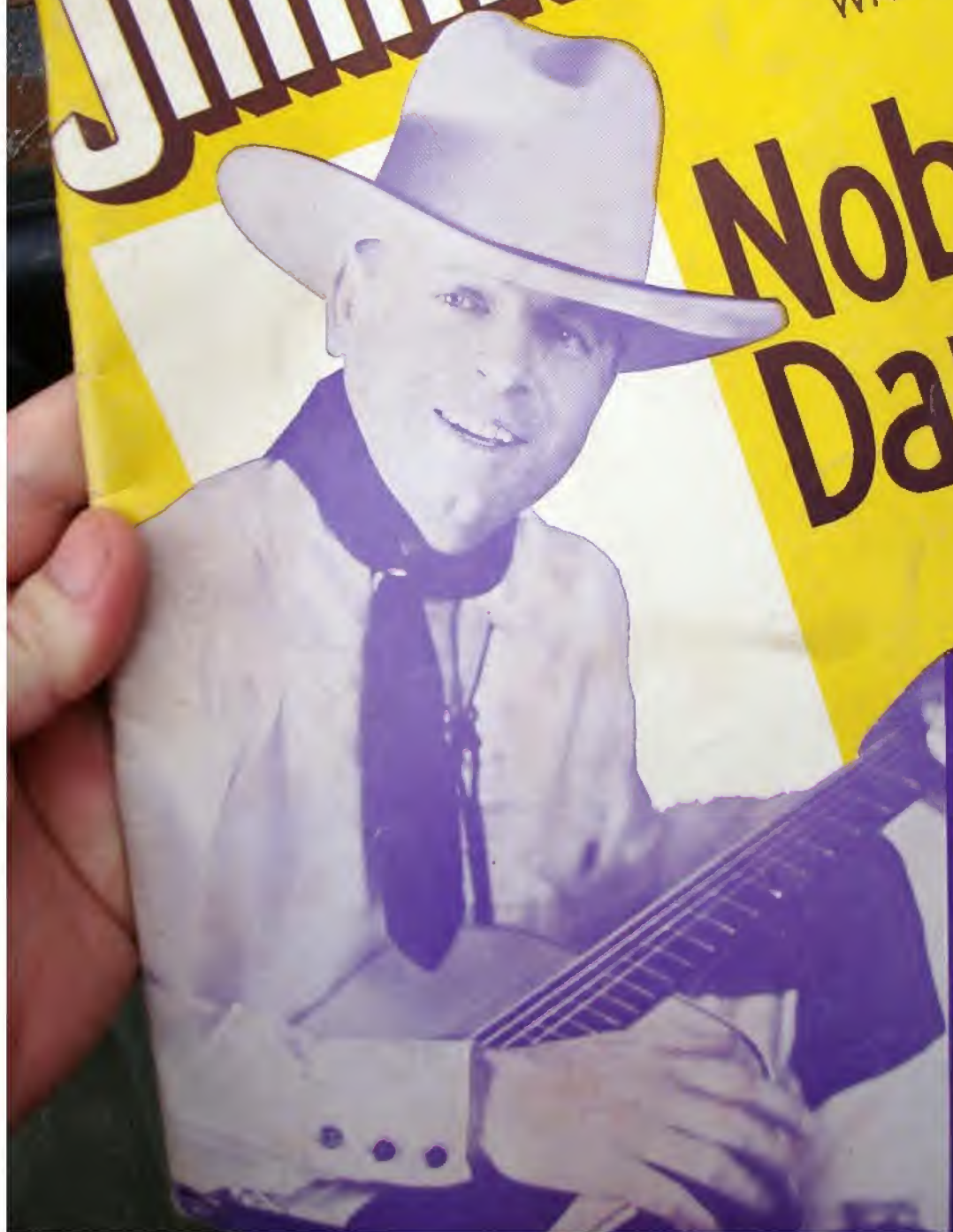
"COWBOY'S HOME  
SWEET HOME"

"BURY ME IN  
OLD KENTUCKY"

"HONKY-TONK BLUES"

WITH GUNNIE  
GUITAR & BANDA  
CHORDS

SOUTHERN MUSIC PUB. CO.





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## Foreword

Jimmie Davis, celebrated singer, yodeler and composer, was born in a log cabin in Quitman, Louisiana, a very small town in a section of the country that was then practically a wilderness although it had been settled by the very early explorers. It was so wild and so remote that, until he was four years old, Jimmie had never even seen a town.

His first trip to a village was a very eventful occasion. There was a circus in town, so his father decided to take Jimmie. All went well and there was much excitement until a photographer attempted to take his picture. The sight of a man with his head under a black cloth and with a queer contraption in front of him was too much for the farm boy, so Jimmie ran away. He still cherishes the picture that was finally taken, with the scared expression on his face.

Jimmie's parents and grandparents were of sturdy American stock—people who tilled the soil and earned their living from the fields. His grandmother was a true pioneer woman who plowed and planted the ground herself in order to feed her children while her husband was in the war. Jimmie loved to hear the dauntless old lady tell of her struggles to eke out a living. She was successful—so much so that when she died a few years ago at the age of ninety-five she had never had time to learn to read or write or to count money.

When Jimmie's father sold his farm and moved to town he received the stupendous sum of two dollars an acre for the land. Today that same farm is in the middle of an oil field, and could not be purchased at any price.

Musical ability was a family characteristic. Jimmie's grandfather was a great singer of the old Sacred Harp, and quite a dancer of the buck and wing type. It was through him that Jimmie learned, in his early childhood, many of the old songs which he still sings today.

There was not enough money in the family to provide an education for Jimmy, so he was obliged to work his way through school. At first he did all sorts of odd jobs, including washing dishes, but finally he obtained work with a lumber outfit, sawing and carting wood. This was hard work, but not too difficult for a country boy whose muscles had been developed in the fields.

Before long, however, Jimmie's natural talent asserted itself, and he began to sing with a quartette. The boys were able to earn money singing in restaurants and small theatres all over Louisiana, and soon there was a great demand for their services.

Jimmie soon discovered that the thing he loved most in the world was music. Early in his career he realized that the simple ballads that went directly to the hearts of the people were the most popular and successful.

Eventually Jimmie began to realize that he himself could compose songs that had a wide appeal and earned enthusiastic applause from his audiences. All his compositions received great acclaim wherever they were sung, either by the quartette or as solos by Jimmie.

In all his songs Jimmie has chosen topics taken directly from life as he sees it all around him—simple and sweet subjects that touch the hearts of the listeners. The first song he ever composed, "Baby's Lullaby," was inspired by the sight of a young mother rocking her baby to sleep. Jimmie did not know the mother or the baby, but the sight of her tender solicitude was so touching to him that he sat down and wrote a ballad about it.

His biggest success, *Nobody's Darlin' but Mine*, is one of the sweetest love songs ever written and, through this composition, the name Jimmie Davis has become a by-word in England, in South Africa, Australia—in fact, in every English speaking country.

Although he is busy with his many activities, Jimmie is an ardent coon-hunter. His greatest recreation is following the coon-hound through the fields, or shooting jack-rabbits on the plains. But best of all Jimmie loves his music, and his keenest pleasure is to sit down with his old guitar and compose a ballad.



# Songs of JIMMIE DAVIS

## Deluxe Edition

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Tune Guitar  
E A D G B E  
Put Capo on 1st fret

By JIMMIE D.

Moderato

1. Come sit by my  
2. No - bod - y's  
3. You're as sweet as th  
4. My moth - er is  
5. Good - bye, — Go

side lit - tle dar - lin', Come lay your cool hand on  
dar - lin' but mine, love, Be hon - est, be faith - ful,  
flow - ers of spring - time, You're as pure as the dew from  
dead and in heav - en, My dad - dy has gone down  
bye, lit - tle dar - lin', I'm leav - ing this cold world

brow;  
kind;  
rose;  
low;  
hind,  
I had  
Prom - ise me that you will nev - er,  
Prom - ise me that you will nev - er,  
rath - er be some - bod - y's dar - lin',  
Sis - ter has gone to meet moth - er,  
Prom - ise me that you will nev - er,

Be no - bod - y's dar - lin' but mine.  
Be no - bod - y's dar - lin' but mine.  
Than a poor boy that knows.  
And where I'll go knows.  
Be no - bod - y's dar - lin' but mine.  
Back to 2d verse  
Back to 3d verse  
to Interlude  
to 5th verse

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Interlude (Violin, whistling or instrumental solo)

Interlude (Violin, whistling or instrumental solo)

Chords: Bb, Bb7, Eb, F7, Bb, Bb7, Eb, F7, Bb

to 4th verse

My

D.S. al Fine

## Lonely Hobo

By JIMMIE DAVIS

1. I'm just a lone - ly ho - bo, Wan - der - ing  
2. go down to the rail - road And catch me an -

'round your town. I've been stran - ger to your an -  
oth - er train; A

back door, And you have turned me down. 2. I'll

Chords: C, C7, F, C, C7, F, C, Ami, D7, G7

Repeat to 2d verse



0

oth - er town, Just to be turned down a - gain.

Chords: C<sup>o</sup>, Ami, F, C<sup>o</sup>, G7, C<sup>o</sup>

CHORUS

A ho got to life is so lone ly, Out in the Trav'-lin' the

Chords: C<sup>o</sup>, G7, C<sup>o</sup>, F, C<sup>o</sup>, C7, F

rain and the snow; The cops are al - ways  
ho - bo's road. No one to tell my

Chords: C<sup>o</sup>, C7, F

af - ter me, And to the jail I go; It's

Chords: C<sup>o</sup>, D7, G7

trou - bles' to And share my heav - y load.

Chords: C<sup>o</sup>, Ami, F, C<sup>o</sup>, G7, C<sup>o</sup>

3. I once was so happy  
In a garden by the sea  
Living with my pride and joy  
She was the world to me. (to 4th verse)

Lonely Hobo

4. One day she did me wrong  
And left with another man  
And I am just a hobo,  
She made me what I am.



# The Answer to "Nobody's Darling But Mine"

By JIMMIE D.

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It features a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. The score is divided into several systems, each with a treble and bass staff. Chords are indicated by letters (G, D7, C) with diagrams showing fingerings. The lyrics are written below the notes.

**System 1:**

I'll sit down be - side you, my  
You said that your moth - er w

**System 2:**

Dar - lin', I've wait-ed for you man-y years; And I prom-ise you  
dead, love, My moth-er, like yours, left this world; No broth-ers, no

**System 3:**

now that I'll nev - er Be no-bod-y's Dar - ling but yours.  
sis - ters, to love me, There's no one but you, lit - tle girl.

**CHORUS**

No - bod - y's Dar - lin', but yours, love, I'll be faith - ful to you through the years.

**System 4:**

You'll be no-bod-y's dar - ling but mine, love; I'll be no-bod-y's dar - ling but yours.



# The Answer to "Nobody's Darling But Mine"

7

By JIMMIE DAVIS

G D7 G G G7

I'll sit down be - side you, my  
You said that your moth - er was

C D7 G G

Dar - lin', dead, love, I've wait-ed for you man-y years; And I prom-ise you  
My moth-er, like yours, left this world; No broth-ers, no

G7 C G D7 G

now that I'll nev - er Be no-bod - y's Dar-ling but yours.  
sis-ters, to love me, There's no one but you, lit - tle girl.

CHORUS G G7 C D7 G G#dim

No - bod - y's Dar-lin', but yours, love, I'll be faith-ful to you through the years.

D7 G G7 C D7 G

You'll be no-bod-y's dar-ling but mine, love; I'll be no-bod-y's dar-ling but yours.



## The Answer to "Nobody's Darling But Mine"

By JIMMIE DAVIS

by JIMMIE DAVIS



I'll sit down be - side you, my  
You said that your moth - er was

Dar - lin', dead, love, I've wait-ed for you man-y years; And I prom-ise you  
My moth-er, like yours, left this world; No broth-ers, no

now that I'll sis - ters, to nev - er love me, Be There's no-bod - y's no one but  
Dar - ling but you, lit - tle yours. girl.

CHORUS

No - bod - y's Dar - lin', but yours, love, I'll be faith - ful to you through the years.

You'll be no-bod-y's dar - ling but mine, love; I'll be no-bod-y's dar - ling but yours.



# That's Why I'm Nobody's Darling

By JIMMIE DA

*Moderato*

*mf*

While oth - ers are  
In a warm co - z

walk - ing the street, — Count - ing their sil - ver and gold  
room you may be, — With plen - ty of sil - ver and gold

— I am no - bod - y's dar - lin', I'm left  
While you are lov - ing your dar - lin', I'm hun -

lone in the cold, — You played with my heart like a to  
friend - less and cold, — Each night — and day I will pr

Chords: F, C7, Bb, F, C7, Bb, F, C7, C9, Cb, C7, F, C7



Bright hopes you've tak - en from me; That's why I'm  
To meet you in Heav - en some day; The heart in that

no - bod - y's dar - lin' And no - bod - y cares for me.  
once you have bro - ken Then will be hap - py and gay.

CHORUS  
No - bod - y's dar - lin' am I. Heav -

mer - cy on me. I am no

dar - lin' And no - bod - y cares for me.



# In My Cabin To-Night

By JIMMIE DAVIS

Intro.  
Moderato

*mf* A moon is shin-in'

bright on my cab-in — to - night; The stars are in the

sky. A - lone I sit and pine With the lit - tle ba-by

mine, And dream of an an - gel on high.

**CHORUS**

In my cab - in to - night I'm so lone some;

*G* *C* *G* *A7* *D7* *G* *C* *Cmi* *G* *Ami* *G* *G7*



C G G7 C A7

Me and the cur-ly haired babe. Now that I've lost you, I

D Ddim Ami E7 A7 D7 Ami

know what it cost me; How I re-mem-ber the day.

D7 G Gmaj7 G7 C G Ami G

An an-gel ba-by I have as a mem-'ry, With a

G7 C E7 Ami C C#dim

face like yours so bright; And her eyes of blue re-

G Dmi6 E7 A7 D7 G Gmaj7 C G

mind me of you, In my cab-in, I'm lone-some to night.



# Cowboy's Home Sweet Home

By JIMMIE DAVIS

1. We were out on the lone prairie, On Franklin  
 2. At — last we fell to talk — ing Of dis — tant  
 3. We — asked him why he had to roam, If his home was so

Ridge one night, — Our — heads up — on our  
 friends so dear; — A boy raised his on head from his  
 dear to him; — He — gazed at the ground for a

sad — dles, The fire was burn — ing bright.  
 sad — dle, And wiped a — way a tear.  
 mo — ment, His eyes with tears were dim.

Said Some were tell — ing sto — ries, While  
 He "Boys, there his a cot — tage, Tho'  
 raised his head from his sad — dle, And



some were sing - ing songs; I'd Some were id - ly  
 far from it I've roamed; Said "Boys, my po - ny and  
 looked the rough crowd o'er; tell you the

smok - ing, As the hours rolled a - long.  
 sad - dle, To be at Home, Sweet Home?  
 reas - on, I left old Kan - sas Shore?

*D.C. al Fine*

## Jellyroll Blues

By JIMMIE DAVIS

1. Like my ice cream in a bowl; Like my ice cream in a bowl;  
 2. Love Cor - in - na long and tall; Love my ma - ma long and tall;  
 3. Ma - ma's got them lov - in' ways; Ma - ma's got them lov - in' ways;

Can't get e-nough to save my soul, But it ain't like jel - ly - roll.  
 Ba - by can make a wild cat squawl, Got the best jel - ly roll of all.  
 Give her rope and watch her play, Jel - ly roll's get - tin' bet - ter ev - ry day.

*D.S. al Fine*



# Bury Me In Old Kentucky

By JIMMIE DAVIS

1. { To - mor - row was our wed - ding  
 { Do you re - mem - ber the night you  
 Chas. Oh, bur - y, me in old Ken -  
 2. { Now, when you're liv - ing while in your  
 { And the lone some night is

day, And now you are bid - ding me a - dien,  
 prom - ised, The night the sweet moon was -  
 tuck - y, Back where we all used to low;  
 glor - y, And sleep - ing in an oth - er's arms;  
 sleep - ing, Won't you steal down to my grave;

To give your love all to an -  
 Your tears fell down up - on my  
 Where the ros - es and the vio - lets  
 Please think of some as the one who  
 And place some flow - ers the gent - ly

Oh - er - When you know I care for you.  
 too - me, You said, "I'll nev - er let you go.  
 min - Glad, Where we planned a hap - py home.  
 loved - you, Sleep - ing in Ken - tuck - y's arms.  
 dar - me, And think of me the one - you be - trayed.

D. S. al Fine



# Arabella Blues

15

By JIMMIE DAVIS

Ar - a - bel - la, Ar - a - bel - la, How come ya do me like ya  
 Ar - a - bel - la, Ar - a - bel - la, When ya com - in'  
 Ar - a - bel - la, Ar - a - bel - la, What makes you so

o?  
 ome?  
 mean?  
 Ar - a - bel - la, Ar - a - bel - la, How come ya do me like ya  
 Ar - a - bel - la, Ar - a - bel - la, When ya com - in'  
 Ar - a - bel - la, Ar - a - bel - la, What makes you so

do?  
 home?  
 mean?  
 You left me griev - in', And you were leav - in',  
 Aint seen no wom - an; Now I'm not just fool - in',  
 I'm hot and both - ered, And I'm wet and wor - ried,

Ar - a - bel - la, Ar - a - bel - la,  
 Aint seen no wom - an,  
 I'll get an - oth - er ma - ma  
 How come ya do me like ya  
 Since you been do - oo?  
 In New - Or gone.  
 leans.



# Alla en el Rancho Grande

Arreglo de  
DONALD REEP

Allegro assai

VOZ

A llá en el ran-cho

*ad lib.*

grande a llá don-de vi - ví - a

ha blan-na ran-che - ri - ta quea - le - gre me de - ci - a quea -



le-gre me de - ci - a — Te voy ha-

cer tu cha - ma-rra co-mo la  
mien - zo de la-na y te la a

u - sa el va - que-ro  
ca - bo de cue-ro.

1. 2. 3. Para fin A-  
te la co- ad lib.



# Bear Cat Mama From Horner's Corners

By JIMMIE DAVIS

**CHORUS**



G7 Ab9 G9 Ab9 G9 Ab9 D7aug Gm G  
 She's sweet like a peach, tall like a tree, I'm tell-in' you, she's kill-in'  
 She's fast like a train, tough like a mule, I'm tell-in' you, she's a pitch-in'  
 Now Pe - ter and Paul, Cain and Ab-el, she kicked the top off of Grand-pa's

Gm Gm6 Eb7 D7 A7 D7aug D7 G C9 G  
 me, - I mean I mean, - She's the keen-est gal I've seen.  
 fool, I mean I mean, - She's the keen-est gal I've seen.  
 ta-ble, I mean I mean, - She's the keen-est gal I've seen.

## It's All Coming Home To You

By JIMMIE DAVIS

Intro. C

*mf*

I'm feel-ing might-y

F Fmi C Ami  
 lone-some, I'm down-heart-ed too; I guess I should for-get you But I



find that hard to do. In dream, you'll al-ways lin-ger, Al-though you've proved un-

Chords: D7, G7, F, F aug

true; But the way that you mis-treat-ed me, It's all com-ing home to you.

Chords: C, D7, G, G dim, G7

CHORUS

My skies are gray Now that you've gone a-way, The whole wide

Chords: C, E7, A7, C# dim, A7, D7

world is blue. You left me for

Chords: G7, C, E7

some-one new, sweet-heart, But It's All Com-ing Home To You.

Chords: A7, C# dim, A7, D7, G7, C, F, C



# Yo-Yo Mama

21

By JIMMIE DAVIS

My ma-ma's got a yo-yo, Keen-est yo-yo I've ev-er seen, When she goes a walk-in' down the street, say, won-der where she got that thing; She throws that yo-yo side-ways, She throws it up and down; And it that don't seem to get it, She throws it 'round and 'round. I'm cra-zy 'bout my ba-by, I'm wild a-bout my man. —



# Shirt-Tail Blues

By JIMMIE DAVIS

1. I had pret-ty mon-ey, but the wom-en got me down.  
 2. Had mon-ey in Chi-ca-go, Some down in Wau-ka-kee.  
 3. Eat-in' chest-nuts down in Geor-gia, Back home in Car-o-line.

But I had lots of mon-ey, But the wom-en took me down.  
 Had mon-ey in Chi-ca-go, Some down in Wau-ke-kee.  
 Eat-in' chest-nuts in Geor-gia, Back home in Car-o-line.

Now my shirt-tail is drag-gin' round on the ground.  
 Now the on-ly thing I've got Is a block-head-ed mem-o-ry.  
 Now I'm walk-in' down old Broad-way Mooch-in' for a dime.

CHORUS  
 Got the Shirt-tail Blues, wom-en got me down; Got the



Shirt-tail Blues, — wom-en got me down. — Now  
my shirt-tail — is drag-gin' on the ground.

Chords: G7, D, D<sup>b</sup>, D, D<sup>b</sup>, D, D<sup>b</sup>, D, D<sup>#dim</sup>, A7, D<sup>#dim</sup>, A7, D, G, D, E<sup>mi</sup>, D, G<sup>b</sup>, D.

## Prairie Of Love

By JIMMIE DAVIS

Intro. *mf* To - night as I  
stand by my po - ny, — And gaze at the heav-ens a - bove I just  
won - der if ev - er a cow - boy — Will drift to that Prair-ie of Love,

Chords: D7, G, C, G, G, C, D7, G, D7, G, C, G, D7, G, C, G.



CHORUS

Will sad-dles and boots be de-mand-ed To ride on that

range up a - bove? Will the heav-en-ly herd be re-brand-ed,

When they cross to their prair-ie of love? Will the cow-boys all gather up

yon-der To ride on that range, so fair? Will the eac-tus and

wild rose be bloom-ing. Will they find peace and hap-pi-ness there?



# Would You

By JIMMIE DAVIS

1. If you and I were all a - lone In a pri - vate lit - tle  
 2. If you and I were on a ship Out - on the sea a -

place, With noth - ing in the world be - tween us But a lit - tle piece - of  
 lone, Would you - wait - un - til mid - night, Could you wait un - til

lace, With no one there to in - ter - fere, And not a soul - in  
 dawn? If I love you, and you love me, And I should hold - you

sight, Tell me, dar - ling would you kiss - me good - night. -  
 tight, Tell me, dar - ling would you kiss - me good - night. -



# I Wish I Had Never Seen Sunshine

JOHNNIE ROBERTS

Valse moderato

*mf*

Dis-ap-point-ed in love, I'm so lone-ly and blue; Wish I had  
 We once were so hap-py, our fu-ture so bright, Oh, what a

nev-er met you; The plans that I made have all  
 change time will bring, Now that I can't love you and

van-ished a-way, Since you have prov-en un-true.  
 still call you mine, I'd rath-er not hear your name.

*rh*

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CHORUS

The musical score is written for voice and piano, with guitar chords indicated above the vocal line. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/4. The score is divided into four systems, each with a vocal staff and a piano accompaniment staff. The lyrics are: "I Wish I Had Nev - er Seen Sun - shine, Wish I had nev - er been blue. I wish I had died as a ba - by; And then I'd have nev - er known you. I you. Fine D. S." The score includes various guitar chords such as C, G, D7, Am, F7, G7, Cm, and D#dim. The piano accompaniment features a steady bass line and chords that support the vocal melody. The score concludes with a double bar line, a repeat sign, and the instruction "D. S." (Da Capo).

I Wish I Had Nev - er Seen Sun - shine, —

Wish I had nev - er been blue. — I wish I had

died as a ba - by; — And then I'd have

nev - er known you. — I you. — Fine

D. S.



## Hold 'er Newt

By JIMMIE DAVIS

G D7 G D7

1. I took my gal for a bug-gy ride, Con-trolled that old gray mule, That  
 2. He shut both eyes, he — raised his tail, Both way up in the back, He  
 3. We went down by the old church - house, — They were knelt in pray'r, The

C D7 G

mule's been here for ma-ny a year, But still he's a ram-bling fool.  
 walked the dog; done the turk - ey trot; — Then he — balled the jack.  
 preach - er shout-ed "Hal-le - lu - jah!" — That mule, he — caught the air.

CHORUS G D7 G D7 G D7 C D7

Oh hold her, Newt, hold her, Hold her, Newt, I say;

D7 C D7 G

Hold her, Newt, hold her, Don't let her get a way. —



# Graveyard Blues

29

By JIMMIE DAVIS

1. Oh, the old grave-yard, Is a place I don't want to  
 2. Now the doc - tor said, It's an - oth - er - month for  
 3. Now for weeks and weeks, I've been here flat - on my

go; Oh, the old grave - yard, Is a  
 me; Now the doc - tor said, It's an -  
 back; Now for weeks and weeks, I've been

place I don't want to go; I hate to feel so  
 oth - er - month for me; But the way I'm feel - ing  
 here flat - on my back; And my ma - ma's down in

lone - ly, Out in the rain and the snow.  
 to - day, It's a month too long - for me.  
 Mem - phis; They say she's ball - in' the jack.

*Fine*  
*D. C. al Fine*



# Get On Board, Aunt Susan

By JIMMIE DAVIS

1. Yel-low gal rides a  
2. Yel-low gal sleeps on a  
3. Yel-low gal wears

Cad - ill - ac,  
fold - in' bed,  
high heel shoes,

Brown skin rides the same.  
Brown skin does the same.  
Brown skin wears the same.

Black gal rides a  
Black gal sleeps on the  
Black gal goes bare

wag - on load,  
cab - in floor,  
foot - ed, —

CHORUS

Rid - in' long just the same.  
Snooz - in' long just the same.  
Walk - in' long just the same.

Oh, get on board, Aunt

Su - san!









Get on, All a - board!











# Sweetheart Of West Texas

JIMMIE DAVIS  
BONNIE DODD









31

**Moderato**        








*mf* I'm dream-ing to night of West Tex-as; There's a girl who is wait-ing for me.







In her heart I know there'll be a wel-come; Her face I am long-ing to see.










We will ride through the great o-pen spac-es, While the moon shines up a-bove.

And the stars they will wink as they lis-ten To my sto-ry of un-dy-ing love.

**Refrain**      

She's the Sweet-heart of West Tex-as; In her arms I will find per-fect rest,

Clouds will pass when I reach that safe hav-en; car-ry me back to the west.



# Sweetheart Of West Texas

JIMMIE DAVIS  
BONNIE DODD

31

**Moderato**

*mf* I'm dream-ing to night of West Tex-as; — There's a girl who is wait-ing for me.

In her heart I know there'll be a wel- come; — Her face I am long-ing to see.

We will ride through the great o-pen spac-es, While the moon shines up a- bove.

And the stars they will wink as they lis- ten — To my sto-ry of un-dy- ing love.

**Refrain**

She's the Sweet-heart of West Tex-as; — In her arms I will find per-fect rest,

Clouds will pass when I reach that safe hav- en; — O car-ry me back to the west.

*p.*



## Home In Carolin'

By JIMMIE DAVIS

Intro. *mf*

old and ag - ed mem - ber when I cou - ple in Car - o - lin'; They've been wait - ing there  
told - the folks, Good - bye, And how they both held my

for a time; There's my dad - dy old and gray, And they  
hands and cried. How they begged me not to roam, But I

say he'll pass a - way, So I'm leav - ing here to - day for Car - o - lin'.  
walked a - way from home, As I told them I'd be back - bye and bye.

CHORUS

Dad of mine, Dad of mine; How I'm hop - ing that the

G D7 G C G Cmi



by my side, A rid - in' him out on the  
 these cit - y ways Are driv - in' me in -

Just to kick him in the side, Just to show his step and  
 Oh, I wan - na go back, Oh, please take me

Out on MON - TAN - A - PLAINS Yo - dle  
 Back to MON - TAN - A - PLAINS

(YODEL)  
 ay - ee - ee - o - dle - ee - dle - ay - ee - ee - ay - dle - ee - dle - ay - ee - o - dle

ay - hee - ay - lee - ay - hee - o - dle - ay - hee hee. Each

8 D.S.

Some time soon I'll be going back,  
 Back where the skies are blue;  
 In a little hut just built for two  
 That's where our dreams come true  
 I'm tired of subways and forty story shafts  
 I'm afraid in the wide open range;  
 Oh I wanna go back, oh please take me back,  
 Back to MONTANA PLAINS.



train will be on time; I can hard-ly hold my tears. It has  
 been so ma-ny years, Since I left my dear old home in Car-o - lin'.

Chords: D7, G, G7, C, Cmi, G, D7, G, C, G.

## Alimony Blues

By JIMMIE DAVIS

*mf*

I mar - ried a ma - ma, Thought I was set - tled down;  
 Now my clothes are all rag-ged, And my feet are on the ground;  
 She got al - i - mon - y, When she got a di - vorce;  
 And I'm still work-ing for her, But my boss is a po - lice horse.

Mar-ried, I got mar - ried, de - cid-ed to set-tle down.  
 She got al - i - mon - y, When she got a di - Blues.  
 I got the Al - i - mon-y voice.  
 I got the Al - i - mon-y Blues.

Chords: Cdim, C7, Bb, Ebmi6, C7, F7, Bb, Bbm, C7, F, Bb6, F, C7, F.



# Montana Plains

Words and Music by  
RUBY BLEVINS  
(Patsy Montana)

Brightly *f* *mf*

I wan-na drink my jav -  
Each night in my dreams

- a from an old tin can seems - When the moon goes to shin - in' high -  
Some - how it seems - I'm way back where I be - long -

I'm gon - na hear the howl of the whip - poor - will's  
Just a coun - try hick, way back in the sticks,

I wan-na hear a coy - ote whine; I wan-na have my sad -  
Back where I be - long; This cit - y life

Chords: Ab7, D7, G7, C, C, C, C, Dm, C, G7, C, Caug, D7, Ddim, D7, Am7, D7, G7, C, Gaug, C, G7, B, C

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dle horse by my side, on the  
 And these cit-y ways Are rid-in' him out in  
 range, Just to kick him in the side, Just to show his step and  
 sane, Oh, I wan-na go back, Oh, please take me

pride back, Out on MON-TAN-A PLAINS Yo-dle  
 Back to MON-TAN-A PLAINS

(YODEL)  
 Ay-ee-ee-o - dle-ee-dle - ay-ee-ee-ay - dle-ee-dle - ay-ee-o-dle

ay-hee-ay-lee - ay-hee-o-dle - ay-hee hee. Each

2 Some time soon I'll be going back,  
 Back where the skies are blue;  
 In a little hut just built for two  
 That's where our dreams come true  
 I'm tired of subways and forty story shacks  
 I'm afraid in the wide open range;  
 Oh I wanna go back, oh please take me back,  
 Back to MONTANA PLAINS.

D.S.



# She's A Hum-Hum-Dinger

By JIMMIE DAVIS

**D $\flat$ 7**

1. Talk a - bout your girls, but you ought to see mine;— She  
 2. Took her to — church in — my — home - town;—  
 3. Old — broth - er Dea - con by the old — fire place, —  
 4. Crossed — both — eyes, She — ran — way back, — She

**C7** **F** **C7** **D $\flat$ 7**

aint so good look-in' but she's dressed so fine. — She long, she's tall, she's a  
 Preach-er got hard and threw his bib - le down. — Says, "I been preach-in' a  
 Run — 'at sis-ter one — aw - ful race. — Ov - er took her a  
 Knocked at the knees, — and she balled the jack. — Steady, Jane, steady-dont you

**C7** **F**

hand-some queen; — She's got ways like a mow - in' ma - chine. —  
 long, long time; — I — got mine. —  
 way up - town; — She got yours 'cause — dam - per down. —  
 both - er me; — I'll whup you down with a sin - gle tree. —

**CHORUS** **D $\flat$**  **C7** **F** **C7** **F** **G9** **Gmi7** **C7** **F** **Gmi7** **F**

CHORUS  
 She's a hum-hum-dinger from Dinger - ville, Um! Watch her strut her stuff.



## Organ Grinder Blues

By JIMMIE DAVIS

C<sup>o</sup>

1. When I leave this town, good gal, I'm leav - ing on an - oth - er  
 2. I was an or - gan - grind - er, Up and down the San - te  
 3. When I was on the road, gal, I bought my mon - key in your  
 4. — Goin' to get me some mon - key glands; — Be — like I used to

C7<sup>o</sup> B<sup>b</sup> C7<sup>o</sup> F

line, Fé, town, was. When I leave this town, I'm  
 Was an or - gan - grind - er,  
 I was on the road, — gal, I  
 Goin' to get some mon - key glands;

F7 C<sup>o</sup> C<sup>#dim</sup> G7 F<sup>#dim</sup>

leav - ing on an - oth - er line; I'm goin' way down  
 Up and down the San - te Fé; Now I've 'bout de -  
 Bought my mon - key in your town; Now that my or - gan's  
 Be — like I used to was; Goin' to run these ma - ma's

G7 C<sup>o</sup> F C<sup>o</sup>

south, Where the wom - en all take their time.  
 cid - ed My — or - gan's done failed on me.  
 failed me, You — turned my mon - key down.  
 down, Like a roos - ter does.



## Jealous Lover

By JIMMIE DAVIS

Intro.

*mf*

1. Down by a weep - ing wil - low, Down where the  
 2. Come, love, now let us wan - der Out in the  
 3. Out in the woods they wan - dered, Till the eve - ning  
 4. She said, "Now let us go, dear, Back to that  
 5. He says, "Now that I have you, No man can

dais - ies grew; Down to a maid - en's  
 woods so gay. We can talk and we can  
 sun was low; The whip - poor - wills were  
 home of mine; We can talk to a dad and  
 save your life; I am jealous

cot - tage A jeal - ous lov - er drew.  
 pon - der We can plan our wed - ding day.  
 sing - ing, And it was time to go.  
 moth - er, And then we can dine?  
 lov - er; Down in these woods you must die?



# Shotgun Wedding

By JIMMIE DAVIS

1. I went to see my sweet-heart, Her dad met me at the  
 2. Look-ing down the noz-zle of a shot-gun Shakin' like a dog with pal-  
 3. He let that gun go off, — He said he was try-ing it

Chords: S, Eb, Bb7, Eb, Bb7

door; Said, "my boy, we are gon-na have a wed-ding here Like we  
 sie, Her — dad had his fin-ger on the trig-ger, And I was  
 out; I — said, "Let's have the wed-ding here, Be -

Chords: Eb, Eb7, Ab

nev - er had be - fore; She was my daugh - ter  
 shak - in' at the knee; It was his daugh - ter  
 fore the groom pass - es out; She was your daugh - ter

Chords: Eb, Edim, Bb7, D, Bb7

— and you done her wrong!  
 — and I done her wrong. (Yodel)  
 — and I done her wrong! (Yodel)

Chords: Fm7, Bb7, Eb, Ab6, B7, Eb

Fine

D.S. al Fine



# I'll Get Mine Bye And Bye

By JIMMIE DAVIS

1. Went to see my gal, meek as a lamb,  
 2. Said — I'll get mine, bye and bye,  
 3. Sit - ting on the doorstep, with - out a doubt,  
 4. When the roos - ter said, that the egg was red,

— Went to see my gal, meek as a lamb,  
 — Said — I'll get mine, bye and bye,  
 — Sit - ting on the doorstep, with - out a doubt,  
 — When the roos - ter said, that the egg was red,

— Went to see my gal, And when I left I heard the back door  
 — Lord-y I'll get mine, When the chick-ens don't — roost so  
 — If I can't get in, Ain't no bo - dy com - in'  
 — He — walked a cross, The street and knocked the — big cock

slam, Went to see my gal, meek as a lamb.  
 high, — I'll get mine, bye and bye.  
 out, Sit - ting on the doorstep, with - out a doubt.  
 dead, But I'll get mine, bye and bye.

*Fin*



# Davis' Salty Dog

41

By JIMMIE DAVIS

1. I can hear you com-ing now, you salt - y dog, I can  
 2. I can hear you com-ing now, you salt - y dog, I can  
 3. I can hear you com-ing now, you salt - y dog, I can  
 4. I can hear you com-ing now, you salt - y dog, I can

hear you com - ing now, you salt - y dog, You have  
 hear you com - ing now, you salt - y dog, I have  
 hear you com - ing now, you salt - y dog, If you  
 hear you com - ing now, you salt - y dog, If you

been a - way so long, I'm get - ting good and strong; I can  
 been good and true, So hur - ry down the Av - e - nue; I can  
 don't get here on time, I may change my mind; I can  
 want the good work done, Get off your clothes and drop the gun; I can

hear you com - ing now, you salt - y dog.  
 hear you com - ing now, you salt - y dog.  
 hear you com - ing now, you salt - y dog.  
 hear you com - ing now, you salt - y dog.



# The Davis Limited

By JIMMIE DAVIS

The musical score is written for piano in B-flat major, 4/4 time. It consists of four systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff. Chord diagrams are provided above the treble staff for various chords: F7, Bb, Eb, Bb, C7, F7, Bb, Ab6, Bb7, Eb, Bb, Edim, F7, Bb, Eb6, Ebm6, Bb, F7, and Bb. The melody is primarily in the treble staff, with a steady bass line in the bass staff.

(Spoken)

All aboard the Davis Limited  
This train leaves Atlanta all packed and primed  
and headed for all points southwest. Go to bed, children,  
hush your cryin'! Let's all take a ride on the old  
streamline.

Pour it on, boys, Give her lots of coal. Stick your head  
out the window, watch your drivin' coal. Lower berths,  
ten dollars; upper berths, nine; box cars, four bits;  
flat cars, a dime. You hoboes, flag this train. All out  
for Birmingham.



# High-Geared Daddy

43

By JIMMIE DAVIS  
and BUDDY JONES

1. Well, I just came back from a cross the slue, I'm a true lov-in' dad-dy and it  
3. You can feel of my knee, You can feel of my thigh, You can feel of my thigh, - You  
5. Well I woke this morn-ing in the Dal - las jail, Did-n't have no - bo-dy - to

just won't do, - I'm a high-geared dad-dy, I don't care what I do,  
got me high, - I'm a high-geared dad-dy, There's noth-in' I won't do.  
go my bail, - I'm a high-geared dad-dy, I won't be treat-ed this way.

2. Well come on mam-ma let's strut our stuff, - I'm a true lov-in' dad-dy and I  
4. I got a gal and she lives on the hill, - She's a corn-fed - ma-ma, but I  
6. Went to see my gal at the set-tin' of the sun, - Her old man - met me with a

never had e-nough, I'm a high-geared dad-dy, I don't care what I do.  
love her still, I'm a high-geared dad-dy, I don't care what I do.  
big shot gun, I'm a high-geared dad-dy, I don't care what I do.



# Come On Over To My House

By JIMMIE DAVIS

Moderato

1. Come on ov-er to my house, babe;  
 2. Come on ov-er to my house, babe;  
 3. Come on ov-er to my house, babe;

Ain't no-bod-y home but me.  
 Ain't no-bod-y home but me.  
 Ain't no-bod-y home but me.

Come on ov-er to my house, babe;  
 Come on ov-er to my house, babe;  
 Come on ov-er to my house, babe;

Lone-some as can  
 Lone-some as can  
 Lone-some as can

be; Now way last win-ter times were hard,  
 be; There was an old maid layin' in bed,  
 be; Now you know ma-ma, Ya treated me wrong When ya broke me down in my

Back in the kit-chen I was  
 Stuck her head out the  
 broke me down in my

skat-in' my lard.  
 win-dow and said,  
 get a long.

Come on ov-er to my house babe;  
 Come on ov-er to my house babe;  
 Come on ov-er to my house babe;

Ain't no-bod-y home but me.  
 Ain't no-bod-y home but me.  
 Ain't no-bod-y home but me.

*Fin*

*DC al Fine*



# Just Forgive And Forget

45

JIMMIE DAVIS

Just For - give and For - get me, my Dar - lin' And prom - ise me now as I leave

That you'll keep all my let - ters and gold ring, And re - mem - ber, dear, you're not to grieve

*Tacet* So For - give and For - get me, my Dar - lin', But re - mem - ber these last words I say,

— That this is a sad but fair part - ing, — And we'll meet up in heav - en some day.

Then for - ev - er, Sweet - heart we'll be hap - py; The bright an - gels will tell us of love;

— So For - give and For - get me, my Dar - lin', — Till we meet up in heav - en a - bove

Chords: F, D7, G7, C, F, Bb, F7, Bb, C7, Bbm, Bdim, F, Bb, D7, G7, G7b5, C7, F, F7, Bb, C7, F, Bb, Bbm, F



# Don't Say Goodbye If You Love Me

By JIMMIE DAVIS  
BONNIE DODD

Moderato

*mf*

1. You tell me to-day that you're go-ing Far a-way just to  
 2. Each night I will kneel by my bed-side, I will pray one sweet

make you a name, You tell me that you're dis-con-  
 prayer just for you. I will ask of the Kind One in

tent-ed, And that you are search-ing for fame;  
 heav-en, Just to make all your dreams, dear, come true.

Some how this I can't real-ize we're part-ing, I have  
 If this, love, should be our last meet-ing, I will

Chords: F, F7, Bb, Bbm, C7, Bdim, Bb



grown used to hav - ing you near, The strings in my heart, love, are  
al - ways love you just the same, I will keep a sweet mem - o - ry

F Bdim C7 F F7

break - ing, I just can't say "Good - bye" to you dear.  
of you, You will live in my heart like a flame.

Bb Bdim F C7 Bb C7 F Bb6 F

## CHORUS

*mf* DON'T SAY GOOD - BYE IF YOU LOVE ME, For 'twould make my

F C7 F F7 Bb F

heart o - ver flow; Kiss my lips once ere you

C7 Gm Eb7 C7 F Bb F F7

leave me, Just don't say "Good - bye" when you go.

Bb Bdim F C7 F Bb Bbm6 F



## Sewing Machine Blues

By JIMMIE DAVIS

*mf*

1. Went up - on the moun-tain, - Looked at the high ris-ing sun; Went up  
 2. Two trains at the sta-tion, - Good gal, don't you want to go? Two trains  
 3. Goin' to tel-e-phone to Heav-en, - To send me an an-gel down; Goin' to  
 4. No mat-ter 'bout your mon-ey, - No mat-ter 'bout your lim-ou-sine; No -

on the moun-tain, - Looked at the high ris-ing sun. - Says, "You  
 at the sta-tion, - Good gal, don't you want to go? - One-  
 tel-e-phone to Heav-en, - To send me an an-gel down. - If you  
 mat-ter 'bout your mon-ey, - No mat-ter 'bout your lim-ou-sine; - But when

can't do - by me, Lord, What Do re-ma done done  
 head - ed for Mem - phis, One for Mex - i - co  
 have - n't got an an - gel, Send a high step-pin' brown  
 you ev - with me, gal, Don't for get that sewin machine.



# High Behind Blues

By JIMMIE DAVIS

C

1. Goin' to wash my face In the Gulf of Mex - i - co;  
 2. I won-der if a match-box Would hold my lone-some clothes;  
 3. I ain't got no good pal, Ain't got no la - dy friends;  
 4. May ride a freight train, May ride a pull-man blind;

F7 F7

Goin' to wash my face In the Gulf of  
 I won-der if a match-box Would hold my  
 I ain't got no good pal, Ain't got no  
 May ride a freight - train, May ride a

C F#dim C F#dim G7

Mex - i - co; I'd like to hang a - round,  
 lone - some clothes; Ain't got so man - y gals,  
 la - dy friends; Ain't got no one to say,  
 pull - man blind; Makes no dif - f'rence what I ride,

C

But I can hear that freight - train blow.  
 Got so far to go.  
 "When are you com - in' home a - gain?"  
 I'm get - tin' high be - hind.



# Gambler's Return

By JIMMIE DAVIS

1. In a gam- bler's hall one day, In a town so far a -  
 2. It had been ma-ny years to me, Since I sat on moth- er's  
 3. As I reached the old de- pot, Just six miles from my old  
 4. He said, "Son, I guess you know, Why my heart is pain- ing

way, Where the gam-blers, they were com- ing to and fro;  
 knee, Then — I left her and old dad all a lone;  
 home, Friends that I had not seen for ma- ny years;  
 so, The on- ly treas-ure that I had — now is gone;

To my side there came a lad, With a face so ver- y  
 As I read the mes- sage clear, All the gam- bles they drew  
 From the crowd a gray haired man Of- fered me a trem-bling  
 As she passed a- way, my boy, Said her heart would beat with

and, Boys, Mis- ter Jim, your dear old  
 ear, I said, "So long, boys, I moth- er's ver- y  
 hand, "Two my dad- dy as he must be go- ing  
 joy, — If she could meet you in the an- gels low,  
 home."

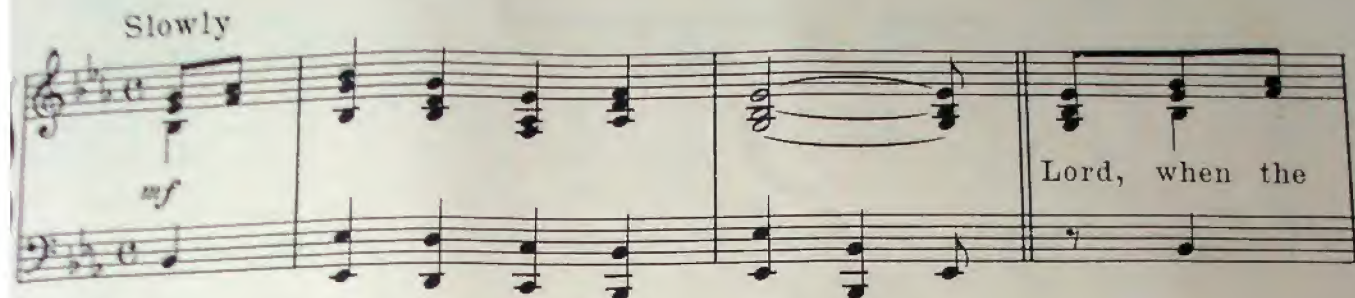


# Down At The Old Country Church


51

By JIMMIE DAVIS

Slowly



*mf* Lord, when the



Saints — go march - ing home, — Lord, when the



Saints go march - ing home, — Oh, Lord I want to be in that



num - ber, — When the Saints go march - ing home, —



# Red Nightgown Blues

By JIMMIE DAVIS

1. We bought the li - cense, went to see Par - son Brown,  
 2. With two head - locks and a sock in the jaw,

Cor-rine could-nt wait and she thowed me down. Said now Par - son dont  
 I said, "Cor-rine, what's the mat - ter now?" Said "Pa-pa stead-y dont

wait so long Two more min-utes and Im go - ing wrong.  
 take me so fast, If you take me too fast sweet Ma - ma cant last.

CHORUS  
 She's cum- in' to town in a red night-gown, Some-bod-y head Cor-rine.



# I Want Her Tailor-Made

By JIMMIE DAVIS

1. I'm look - ing for — a ma - ma, Like I met down in Mex - i -  
 2. I want her fast - like light - ning, One hun - dred in the

co, shade, I'm look - ing for — a ma - ma, Like I  
 I want her fast - like light - ning,

met down in Mex - i - co; She's an eas - y look - ing  
 One hun - dred in the shade, I want her made - to

ma - ma, She'll get you an - y time you go. (Yodel)  
 or - der, I want her tail - or made. (Yodel)



## I Wonder If She's Blue

By JIMMIE DAVIS

*mf*

All the world looks blue for she  
I — won - der where she

me, to - night, Sweet-heart, you're far a - way; The  
is, to - night, Won - der who he can be; I

nights and days, they seem so long, But you're hap - py so they  
won - der if she tells him of Her — lov - ing days with

say. — I won - der if it's real - ly true, or  
me. I won - der if they say "Good - night" just

do you just pre - tend; For a lov - er  
like we used to do. And when she loves —  
(b) — sees that

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on - ly once With a love that nev - er ends.  
 same old moon, I won - der if she's blue.

*Fine*

*D.S. al Fine*

# Saturday Night Stroll

By JIMMIE DAVIS

There is preach-ing to -  
 night, There's preach-ing to - night, There is preach-ing on the old camp  
 ground; There is preach-ing to - night, There's preach-ing to -  
 night, There is preach-ing on the old camp ground.



# When It's Round Up Time In Heaven

By JIMMIE DAVIS

Valse Moderato

*mf*

They tell me of a  
Dear loved ones have

place and they tell me of a day, Where the saints shall be gathered to  
I, and per-haps have you, Who have re-cent-ly gone that

stay: They shall come from the East, They shall come from the  
way: But the time is now short, For then and for

West, When we gath-er on that round-up day.  
me, When we gath-er on that round-up day.



## CHORUS

When It's Round Up Time In Heav-en, and our trou-bles on earth are

o'er, All the friends that death has sev-ered, shall gath-er on that

gold-en shore, 'Twill be sweet when we meet at Jes-us' feet with no

heart-aches, no pains, no sigh, When they comb Heav-en's plains, Will they find your

same, At the great round up in the sky When It's sky.



# Wild And Reckless Hobo

By JIMMIE DAVIS  
and JONES

1. I'm a wild and reck - less ho - bo, I  
 2. thought while I was on this trip, I'd  
 3. walk - ing down the rail - road track I  
 4. heart be - gan to roll a - round, And  
 5. pulled my cap down o - ver my eyes, And  
 6. got off at a lit - tle town, And be -

left my hap - py home; Start - ed out on a  
 sure - ly have some fun; Just a thou - sand  
 went in a rail - road shop; heard an en - gin - eer  
 I be - gan to sing, I When ev - er that freight  
 start - ed down the track, Caught the end of an  
 gan to roam a - round, Look - in' for an

west - ern trip, All by my - self a lone; 2. I  
 miles from home, And I am on the bum. 3. While  
 tell a man, — This train would - n't stop. 4. My  
 train comes by, I'll grab her on the wing. 5. I  
 old freight train, And I nev - er did look back. 6. I  
 old freight yard, And a train that was west bound. —



# Honky Tonk Blues

JIMMIE DAVIS

*Brightly*

*f*

1. If you go down to the "bot-tom," bet-ter  
 2. I went down to the "bot-tom," just a  
 3. Drank a half a pint of li- quor and a

watch the way you act; If you fool a-round them "Honk-ies," you will nev- er make it  
 week a- go to day, Met a Honk-y Tonk- y ba- by an' I could-n't get a-  
 half a pint o' gin, Saw my Honk-y Tonk- y ma- ma fool-in' 'round some oth- er

back; Get in - to trou-ble, the best you can do is lose; For them  
 way; Lost all my mon-ey, brandnew hat and shoes; For them  
 men; Real-ly felt mis-treat-ed, my ba- by a- bout to lose; Got

Honk- y Tonk- y Ma- man will give you the Honk- y Blues. *Fine*  
 Honk- y Tonk- y Ma- man I real- ly had them Honk- y Blues.  
 pal- one of my ba- by, I had them old Honk- y Blues.

*D.S. al Fine*



# You'll Be Comin' Back Some Day

By JIMMIE DAVIS

**Moderato**

There's a coy-ote howl-in' a-way out there Just a-cross that great di- vide, And it brings to me those

mem-o-ries Of the good old days gone by, When I used to ride on the prair-ie trail And

gaze up at the moon, It seems to me I can hear you say, You'll be com-in' back some day.

**Chorus**

Oh— take me, Oh, prair- ie; Al-ways keep me in your sight—

— When I slum-ber gent-ly on through the night— And the coyotes howl-in' to

you, old moon so bright. Now there's no use de- ny-ing— While I've been

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D7 Ddim D7 G D7 Daug F#7b5 B7 Em Dm6 B7 E7aug  
 For your face so kind and gay, — Ev'ry step of the way I can  
 still hear you say: — You'll be com - in' back some day. —

## Pi-Rootin' Around

JIMMIE DAVIS

Bb F7 Bb Faug Bb F7 Bb  
 Gon-na put on my Sun-day britches, Gon-na part my hair on the side; Gon-na hitch my mule to the  
 wag-on Gon-na hop right in and ride, Gon-na race back and crack my donk-ey Gon-na  
 suck a-round down thru town, So hop in the wag-on Ma-ma, let's go Pi root-in' a-  
 round Great big pie! root toot toot! 'Round and 'round and round.



# Midnight Blues

By JIMMIE DAVIS

1. Had the blues in the morn-ing, Had the blues all day long;  
 woke up at mid- night, Moon was shin-ing on the floor,  
 climbed in my win-dow, Looked straight in-to my face,  
 walked 'round my bed side, Sat down in the rock-in' chair,  
 walked up to my bed side, Touched me with her cold pale hand,

Had the blues in the morn-ing (good gal) Had the  
 Woke up at mid night, Moon was  
 Climbed in to my win-dow, Cast her  
 Walked a-round my bed-side, Sat down  
 Walked up to my bed-side, Touched me

blues all day long; Had the blues at mid- night, — Who  
 shin-ing on the floor; Saw the shad-ow of a wom-an, — Hid-  
 peep-ers in my face; I passed her in my blues, (Sweetheart blues)  
 in the rock-in' chair; I picked the cov-er off, — Now  
 with her cold pale hand; Said, "I've looked this wide world ov-er, — Oh,

made the good gals — go wrong. 2. I  
 ing in the long — a — go.  
 Just can't stay an — y place.  
 Ber-tha what you — here?  
 Tom, are you still — my man?" 3. She  
 4. She  
 5. She



# Home Wreckin' Blues

By JIMMY DAVIS  
ED SCHAFFER

Chords: Cmi6, Dmi, C, Cmi6, C

1. Oh, tell me, ba - by, train right - thru you  
 2. Mm - - - - - What's the - mat - ter  
 3. Mm - - - - - I ain't gon - na sing no

Chords: F9, F7, F9

town;  
 now?  
 more;

Oh, tell me ba - by,  
 Mm - - - - -  
 Mm - - - - - I

Chords: C, C6, C#dim, G7

train right - thru your town;  
 What's the - mat - ter now?  
 ain't gon - na sing no more;

Leav - in' - you -  
 I'm quit - tin' -  
 I'm gon - na leave from

Chords: C

now, be - cause I - got to  
 her, Ba - by, Sure has got to  
 here, ain't com - in' back to  
 go.  
 me.  
 more.



# CHORDS FOR UKULELE AND TENOR BANJO

The diagrams in this book are for the Guitar.

The letters over the diagrams are the names of the chords as played on any instrument.

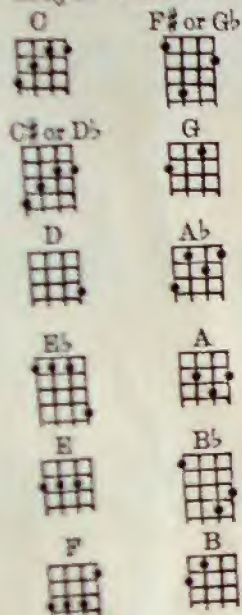
The following tables show the fingering of all these chords for Ukulele and Tenor Banjo.

Press strings as indicated by dots.  
Strike all 4 strings.

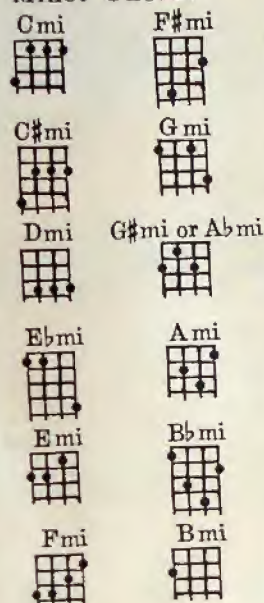
## UKULELE

A D F# B

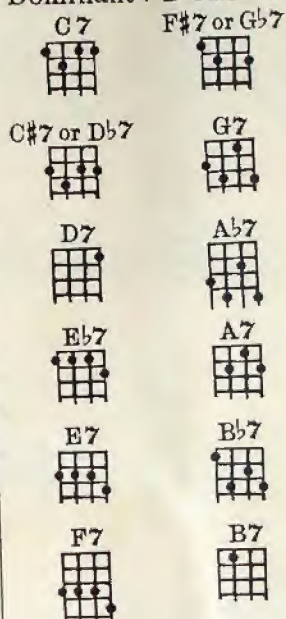
### Major Chords



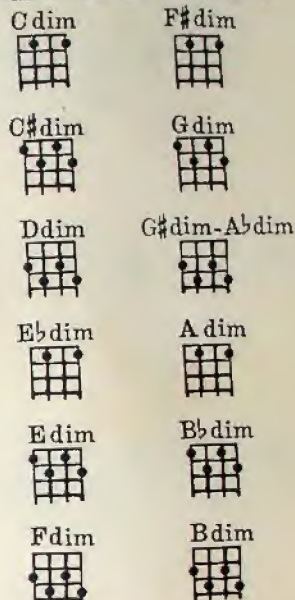
### Minor Chords



### Dominant 7th Chords



### Diminished 7th Chords



Press strings as indicated by dots.  
Strike all 4 strings.

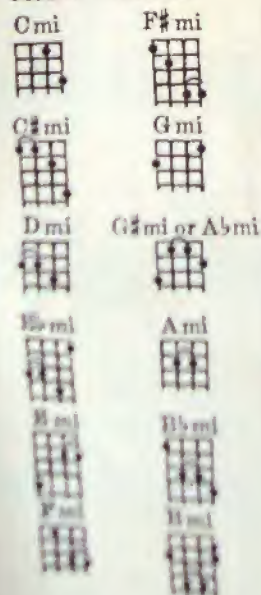
## TENOR BANJO

C G D A

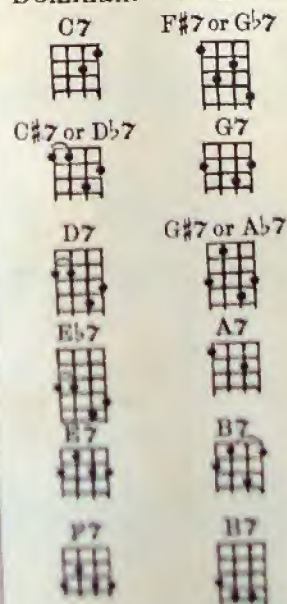
### Major Chords



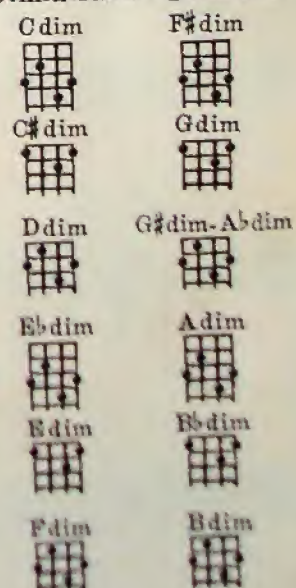
### Minor Chords



### Dominant 7th Chords



### Diminished 7th Chords





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